

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

H. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

[PUBLISHED & PROPRIETOR.]

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WHOLE NO. 321.

Advertisements.
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, without deviation, after the expiration of three months.
All bills for Advertisements, Job-Work, or Subscription, considered due when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.
Subscribers failing to order a discontinuance of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have subscribed, are considered as wishing to renew; and it will be continued to them accordingly.
No paper will be sent out of the country unless paid for in advance.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Twelve Lines or Less, for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
Persons advertising by the year, will be charged Forty Dollars for a whole column; Twenty Dollars for one-half column; and Ten Dollars for one-quarter. No variation from these terms under any circumstances.
The privilege of yearly advertisers is strictly limited to their own immediate and regular business; and the business of an advertising firm is not considered as including that of its individual members.
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions when handed in, will be continued until ordered out, and payment exacted.
No advertisement inserted gratuitously.
Advertisements of an abusive nature, will not be inserted at any price.
Job Printing, of all kinds, neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.
No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up—except at the option of the Publisher.

BREAD OUT WEST.

If our Western people can in any way teach their wives, daughters, or cooks, to keep the pearl ash out of their bread, all the yellow people, especially the yellow children, who are supposed to be turned yellow by the fever and ague, bilious fevers, &c., &c., will soon be returned white. It is a great mistake to suppose, that the yellow countenances of the west come from bile, when it is only the enormous quantities of pearl ash eaten in the bread that is reflected through the skin.
Bread is the stuff of life, it is said; it is, but it is the stuff of death too in this country. Bad bread kills about as many people here as bad rum. So many people eat poisonous pearl ash for bread, that they die of it by inches. Dyspepsia, the great monster disease of our country, that deranges the liver, brings on costiveness, and thus finally, what kills the human victim is, half the time "Pearl-ash."

Here in the east out of New England, we have nearly driven off the pearl ash saleratus cooks, but not altogether. Pearl ash lives here yet in bread, but in the cities and towns we have whipped out the murderers. In too distant Western towns, however, beyond the good hotels of the lakes and on the river, pearl ash, how-e-v-r, under the name of saleratus, is king. It is pearl ash for breakfast, pearl ash for dinner, and pearl ash for supper. It is not any wonder then that white people East turn yellow West, and sicken, not of fever and ague, bilious, and congestive fevers, but of pearl ash three times a day.—N. Y. Express.

DIVORCES IN INDIANA.—The Republican Banner, published at Shelbyville, Indiana, in its issue of April 22d, states that there were twenty-four applications for divorce in that county at the late term of court, and every one of them were granted!—The Banner adds:

"This is a startling fact, which we were slow to believe, until assured of its truth by a member of the bar. We are indebted for this state of things to the reign of free whisky and our present divorce law, which is a disgrace to the State."

DEATH BY THE BITE OF A SPIDER.—A large-framed, muscular man, thirty years of age, named Hartshorn, of Newton Upper Falls, was awakened last Saturday morning by a stinging pain just above his right elbow, radiating from a small red spot. On searching the bed a small black spider was discovered where his arm had rested. The swelling rapidly extended down the arm during the day; on Sunday he vomited nearly all day; on Monday he was seized with pain in his bowels, which continued, with frightful severity, until he died, at 5 o'clock.—*Waltham (Mass.) Sentinel*, 25th ult.

Leading up Foreigners to the Ballot Box.

One of the most salient incidents of the late political discussion between the candidates for Governor, in this city, arose from the assertion of Col. Hutton that foreigners could be led up to the ballot box like cattle, which he fortified quite strongly, he supposed, by reading from a speech of Gov. Brown, of Mississippi, a declaration to that effect. Col. Hutton grew quite exultant over the extract from Brown, a Democratic Senator—and taunted his opponent with it in a manner which indicated that he thought his illustration was unanswerable.

When Gen. Harris came to answer the argument and illustration, he referred to the speech of Gov. Brown, and then turning to Col. Hutton, remarked, "I would like to see you, sir, attempt to lead the foreigners up to the polls to vote for you. You would then learn whether they could be led or driven like cattle. The truth is," continued Gen. H., "it is simply because your party never could lead or drive them, that they have raised all this excitement against them. Such is the secret of your opposition to them." The effect was electrical—the answer complete.—*Memphis Appeal*.

The Richmond Whig, an "American" organ, thus complains of the depressing influences of the know nothing movement on the political status of the Old Dominion:

"It is somewhat probable that we shall never be without domestic vexation and trouble here in Richmond. Ever since know nothingism made its advent among us, small men command a premium in the market; and it is this which has disgusted so many of the old line whigs, who remain a lively and pleasant recollection of the palmy days of the whig party, when able and influential champions were put in the lead, and commanded the fullest respect and admiration of their political opponents. But things have sadly changed. The little men have become the biggest in their own estimation; and so it will be, we fear, to the end of the chapter."

POISON IN CANDY.—At a recent meeting of the Select Committee of the British House of Commons to inquire into the adulterations of all articles sold for food, &c., Mr. Taylor, the celebrated Professor of Chemistry at Gray's Hospital, made the following statement in regard to colored confections:

"In red candy vermillion and red lead were used; and in the yellow oxide of lead and chromate of red, which was very dangerous, and had been known to be the cause of the death of a child in 1853. The extract of bitter almonds, which was very much used in confections, was a most powerful poison, as it contains from six to twelve per cent. of prussic acid. Twenty drops of the oil killed a woman forty-nine years of age in half an hour. A compound of it called almond-flavor was very dangerous. There was an instance in which half an ounce had killed a woman thirty-six years of age in half an hour."

REMARKABLE CASE OF SUPERSTITION.—Near Lancaster, Pa., on Sunday last week, the body of Sophia Bruman was exhumed by her surviving relatives to see if the corner of the winding sheet was not in her mouth. Since her death by consumption, several of her relatives have died of the same disease, and those who survived believed that the sheet had gotten into the mouth of the corpse, and it was "sucking" them into the grave. Miss B. had been dead nine years, and both body and sheet had crumbled into dust.

NEW ORLEANS.—Since 8th February, 1856, there have been seventy murders committed in New Orleans, fifty-nine infanticides, twenty-six suicides, and one hundred deaths from intemperance! What a record! Pleasure, crime, death! Human life is cheap in the crescent city.

Daniel Morgan, the Rifleman.

The following appears in a letter of a Virginia correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce:

The name of Daniel Morgan, the celebrated commander to the Virginia Rifleman, is a household word in Virginia. His remains repose at Winchester. A Jerseyman by birth, he early emigrated to the Virginia wilds, and was a wagoner in the French war. Tall, muscular, and inured to all hardships, he was fond of adventure, famed for intense daring and hairbreadth escapes. He had been grossly insulted by one British officer, and severely punished by another, in the name of King George. He vowed vengeance, and kept his vow.—At the opening of the revolution he raised a battalion of Rifle-men, and drilled them to perfection. They spurned the bayonet, and relied on the deadly aim of the rifle. He used to say that the business of his men was to kill, not to be killed. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans by reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of Gen. Fraser, with his Scotch division, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksman in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said to him: "Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron-grey horse?" "Yes, sir," was the reply of the soldier. Morgan rejoined with an almost faltering voice, "Then do your duty!"

Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the intricate branches with his hatchet, (this was a part of their varied armor), rested his rifle in a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as Gen. Fraser had, in his animated movements, come within a practical range. Murphy fired, and the gallant Fraser fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. That fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him, because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer, though gallant as that officer was, he had placed himself there to be shot at, and was engaged in shooting others. It was in a similar way that Nelson fell on the deck of the Victory.

TEA.

The culture of the tea plant is extremely simple. Provided it be protected from the wind, it will grow in stony and barren ground. Small holes having been made in the ground at a distance of about three feet apart, a few of the seeds are dropped in each hole. The plant does not appear above the ground in less than two or three months; but no sooner has it done so than it begins to shoot up with great rapidity. It the seed germinates the weakest are pulled up. The plant usually grows from two to three feet high, and never higher than five with a bushy top. At three years old the leaves are cut, each tree usually yielding about three ounces of dry tea. Black tea and green tea are both obtained from the same tree. There are varieties of the tea plant, but they are not exhibited in the color of the leaves. The black tea is produced from the old leaves of the plant, and the green tea the young.

"Oh, yes, Joe; my father is an old mariner—a regular salt." "Why, I never knew that. What service was he in?" "The whaling service. He goes cruising around all night, and in the morning, when he comes home, he goes a whaling the whole family, from the old woman down, and boxes the compass about the hired girl's ears."

In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they scorn to enjoy credit for what they have not.—"Paint me," said Cromwell, "wrinkles and all." Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

Choice Poetry.

One Year Ago.

One year ago, one year ago,
I pledged my love to thee;
And would have staid my very life
Upon thy constancy;
For the pure echoes of thy heart
Responded to my own,
And like a fairy instrument,
Gave back affection's tones.

Ah, well do I remember now,
How, in the moonlight breeze,
That away'd the slender branches of
The stately cedar trees;
What rapturous visions we enjoyed
That made each bosom warm,
As with our lips together press'd,
I clasp'd thy gentle form.

One year ago beneath those trees,
I breath'd a sad farewell,
While the bright stars as witnesses,
Around us threw their spell;
And hand in hand we knelt upon
The damp and silent sod,
And vow'd to be as true and firm
As Nature's ruling God.

One year has pass'd, and now I come
To nestle on thy breast,
Like a lone bird who once again
Seeks for its shelter'd nest;
But, ah! I find that thou art changed—
Another shares thy lot,
Another now has won thy love,
And I—I am forgot.

One year, one short and fickle year,
Is this the life of love;
Is that deep passion changing as
The fleecy clouds above?
Are passing shadows and sunbeams
The emblems of its stay;
And all its hopes and honest faith
But dreams of yesterday?

We Miss Thee at Home—A Parody.

We miss thee at home, yes we miss thee,
Since you sloped without bidding adieu;
And prayers have since daily been offered
That some where you'll get your full due

That to wish you might ever be haunted,
With visions your conscience could trace;
Would be useless, for villains like you, sir,
Don't have that invaluable grace.

And the friends that once kindly availed thee,
Of "means" all thy wants to supply;
Never dreamed of thy acting the scoundrel,
But they've now found a different reply.

The shadows of evening are gathering,
O, where is the wanderer now;
The hall-stones like hen's eggs are falling,
Let us hope they may visit thy brow.

But bear on thy bosom this message,
We'll watch thee where'er thou mayst roam;
And if ever you want a good flogging,
Just make your appearance at home.

BONNET PINS.

The Princeton Courier thus takes off one of the prevailing fashions: "A great many of our readers, perhaps, don't know what bonnet pins are, and we would not have known ourselves, had it not been that we were in a store with a lady when the things were shown her. Now, what are they? Well, everybody knows that fashionable women in these days wear little things of their heads which they term bonnets. What they really are, we have no means of knowing. Bonnets are obsolete, and all that a woman wants, now-a-days, is to have the gable end of her head covered, and the fashionable substitute does the business. But to the bonnet pins. They are long slender things of about six inches, shaped like the thorn of the honey locust, mid of tortoise shell, about as sharp as a knitting needle, and we suppose are used to pin things to the head. It is unnecessary to say more. The ridiculousness of a fashion requiring such adventitious aids, suggests itself to even those sensible women who adopt the style. We believe in the old fashioned sun bonnets."

No Troops for Utah.

The National Intelligencer says: "The reports that have appeared in one of the public journals, purporting to have been telegraphed from Washington, to the effect that a large body of troops—stated at two thousand, have been ordered to Utah; seems to have had no foundation in fact. No order has been given to the Bureau in relation to sending troops to Utah, as would have been the case were the reports above alluded to correct."

Getting Rich by Trading.

A newly married couple in the Old Bay State—before the revolution, commenced the world with no other patrimony than a barrel of rum. On this they determined to commence business for a living. Accordingly, they opened what they called a shop or store, and advertised for sale at retail—but as wary and cautious merchants, they resolved to forego the credit system, and to sell not a dram but for ready money. A dram was soon sold, and James had a great for it. This was a good capital to begin upon. The next day James became thirsty, and arranged with his wife to pay her the great for which she dealt him out a dram. But why should not the trade be reciprocated? Why should not Betty have rights as well as James? And so the next day she purchased a dram of her husband, and paid him a great for the same. Thus, a shrewd plan of mutual exchanges having been devised, the cash kept a constant circulation between James and Betty, till the barrel was empty, and they both became confirmed drunks. Much of the benefits of the trade in this country are well illustrated by the anecdote of James and Betty. It is a mere passing of the great around—a business that aids in the extravagance and consumption of the people, but neither adds to nor encourages the production of any means of subsistence.

A Cunning Baboon.

Many are the anecdotes related of the baboon. An Indian chief possessed a tame baboon, which, in common with all the monkey race, entertained a dread of snakes; its master, from mere wantonness, forcibly entwined a dead snake around the baboon's neck, when the animal sat motionless for upwards of an hour, stupefied with fear, and on the snake being removed, stole timidly into the hut of the chief. After a short time, the baboon was, according to a custom, called on by his master to scratch his head; but although summoned several times in an angry voice, it refused to move. The chief rose and struck it with a stick and immediately the enraged and aggrieved animal sprang upon him; the neighbors, hearing the sound, ran to see what was the matter, but could distinguish nothing through the dust raised in the interior of the hut, except hot cinders which were kicked about in all directions from a fire place in the centre of the abode. The screams of the man and the baboon were intermingled, till at length the latter dashed out through the bystanders, and escaped to some mountains. The chief had been seriously injured in the encounter, and some weeks in recovering; but ultimately regained his strength, and bent upon revenge, scoured the mountains in search of his antagonist. He at length descried his baboon, which he could discern from any other, peeping over a crag, and levelled a gun at him, but the animal instantly withdrew his head, and held forward one of his companions as a target, instead of himself, chattering loudly as if in defiance—so that the man was compelled to return foiled and disappointed.

THE INDIA RUBBER TREE.—The tree is a spontaneous product of Honduras. It grows to a very large size, and it is dispersed over the country. When an incision is made in the bark, a thick milky fluid gushes out, which in the course of a week, becomes black and solid. The wood cutters frequently have recourse to it. When an accident occurs to those habilitations, which the fall of man, it has been customary to wear in civilized countries, the owner, instead of resorting to the ordinary method of needle and thread, makes a gash in the india rubber tree, and with some insipid juice, which immediately rushes out, he plasters up the chasm.

"Bridget, who broke those barrels that were in the wood-shed?" inquired a gentleman of his servant. "Missus told John to break them up and save the hoops." "What?" "The hoops were not quite 21 years' old. Nobody else will venture to break them."

Selling a Horse.

A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse, and try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his beast for what he would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding at the same an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating the faults of the animal, lest one should be overlooked.

"Remember, Pompey, he has four faults."
"O, yes, massa, I take care."
Pompey jogging along, and conning over the list to himself, as the old lady did her loggins, "big box, little box, band box, bundle," was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and among other topics, made some inquiries about the horse.

Pompey told his story, said that his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser, without reservation.

"Well, what are they?" said the stranger, who had a mind for a swap.
"Dere is four, massa," said Pompey, "and I don't remember 'em all very well just now, but—"

"Well, tell me those you do remember," said the other.

"Well, sah, one is dat de horse is white, and the white hairs get on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."

"And the next?"

"Why, when he comes to a brook, he will put his nose down and blow in the water, and massa don't like dat."

"What next?"

"I can't anyhow remember de others," said Pompey, peering up into the clouds with one eye, reflectingly.

The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so genteel an air as the parson's, for this nearly unexceptionable animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that the horse was entirely blind.

Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches:

"You black rascal, what does this mean? This horse is broken-kneed and as blind as a mole!"

"O, yes, massa," said Pompey, blandly, "dem's de oder two faults dat I couldn't remember!"

Printers and Governors.

Hon. John R. Hampton is now, by virtue of his office as President of the Senate, Governor of the State of Arkansas. This is the second time the executive mantle has fallen, ex-officio, upon the shoulders of Gov. Hampton. If the Hon. John D. Phelps should receive the nomination of Governor of Alabama, and his brother, Hon. Jas. Phelps, the nomination of Gov. of Mississippi, of which there is a strong probability, it would present a coincidence without a parallel, that one town in Alabama should furnish Governors of three consecutive States towards the setting sun, at the same time. And what makes the coincidence still more striking, is, that two of them are graduates from the same printing office in that town. All three were formerly and for a number of years residents of Tuscaloosa at the same time—and two, Gov. Hamilton and James Phelps, have "stickered" thousands upon thousands of "ems" of type in the old Flag (now Observer) office. Don't the thought make your ambition yearn, Jo, to "go and do likewise?" It is a little remarkable that the old Flag Office at Tuscaloosa should furnish more Governors of States than the University of Alabama.

HOOPS.—Lately, as a lady was stepping from the cars of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Rail Road at Napoleon, her dress caught on the steps, and the cars being in motion, she was drawn some thirty feet before her hoops gave way. She was not seriously injured, though the hoops were

save the hoops. The lady was not quite 21 years' old. Nobody else will venture to break them.

A Spendthrift Election.

A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer, alluding to the recent elections throughout Great Britain, says that a great improvement has taken place within the last half century. He says that in 1768, a contest took place, which was known as the spendthrift election. The policy lasted for fourteen days, and the candidates were Lords Halifax, Northampton and Spencer. In proof of the corruption, it is recorded that, though the number of real electors did not exceed 930, no fewer than 1149 persons voted. The almost princely mansions of Horton, Castle Ashby and Althorpe, were thrown open to all voters, and when the clerks at Horton were drained of all the old port, and Lord Halifax had to place his claret before the carousers, they declared they would never vote for a man who gave them sour port; and went over in a body to Lord Northampton at Castle Ashby! The election was referred to a scrutiny of the House of Commons; the inquiry lasted for six weeks, during which sixty covers were daily laid at Spencer House for members, whose names were taken down each day. It resulted in the number of votes being declared equal, and was finally decided by a toss—Lord Spencer winning and nominating the member. The election cost Lord Spencer £100,000, and each of the other lords £150,000—almost incredible sums, when they are doubled, to express their present value; about \$4,000,000, representing the total expenditure in money of this day! Lord Halifax never recovered the blow. Lord Northampton cut down his trees, sold his furniture, and went abroad for the rest of his life, dying in Switzerland. There is a sealed box at Castle Ashby marked "Election Papers," which no one of the present generation has had the courage to open. This, we are aware, is an extreme case; but we have known others which have approached it, even since 1800.

Franks of the Weather.

Strange and incredible as the statement may appear, (says the Fairfax News), yet we are, nevertheless, warranted by facts in stating that Mr. T. Henry Nelson, of this county, filled his ice-house on the 5th day of May with pure clean ice, of an average thickness of fourteen inches! In explanation of this remarkable fact, we may remark that Mr. Nelson procured the ice from the banks of the Potomac, where it is still piled up in many places to a height of from ten to fifteen feet.

The Dundee (N. Y.) Record says: "Seneca Lake was frozen over last week, with the thermometer hardly down to freezing point. This is the third year that the same phenomenon has occurred in May. It is well attested by the oldest inhabitants that the lake was never frozen over until the winter of 1856. Formerly the coldest weather had no power to congelate its crystal waters; now some unknown cause freezes its surface in May."

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—THE WHEAT CROP.—Tennessee wheat is getting a position in the leading markets of the country second to no other. By this the farmers are the ones directly benefited of course. It is important to them, therefore, to spare no pains to bring their wheat in a strictly merchantable condition. Let it be well cleaned, above all things, and well sacked. Much depends, in giving it its proper position, to considerations of this kind, and we trust our farming friends will bear them constantly in mind.

Storke used to say: "The most accomplished way of using books, is to serve them as meat people do lords—learn their titles, and then brag of their acquaintance."

It is stated as a fact, that more money is expended annually in the United States for cigars, than is expended for all the common school teachers. A man the first arrested in Albany on a charge of stealing his daughter's earrings to bet on a dog fight.